THE BEGGAR'S PANTOMIME;

Or, The CONTENDING

COLOMBINES:

A New Comic Interlude.

Intermix'd with Ballad Songs in the Characters of

Polly and Lucy, Manager, and Deputy Manager.

With the SCENES of

BRITANNIA; or The Royal Lovers.

As they are perform'd at the Theatre-Royal in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields.*

Dedicated to Mrs. CLIVE and Mrs. CIBBER.

By Mr. *L U N*, Junior.

The Second Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for C. Corbett, at *Addiſon's Head*, againſt *St. Dunſtan's Church* in *Fleet-ſtreet*; and W. Warner, at *Dryden's Head*, next the *Roſe-Tavern* without *Temple-Bar:* And Sold by the Bookſellers and Pamphlet-Shops of *London* and *Weſtminſter.* 1736.

[*Price Sixpence.*]

BRITISH MUSEUM
15
72
MAR

DEDICATION.

LADIES,

WHEN I publickly declare this trifling Piece was meant only to promote the Theatre to which I belong, I hope you will have more Good-Nature than to imagine I design'd to affront two Ladies I am utterly a Stranger to. Your *Paper War* making such a Bustle about Town, and its being so much the Publick Talk of Coffee-houses, I thought it no bad Scheme, to make use of the Opportunity, and introduce something, like *your Contention*, upon our Stage; I immediately made

made uſe of the Subject, and (at a Time it was moſt alive) reſolv'd to bring it out; the Pantomime, Songs, and Scenery were all finiſh'd and ready to be exhibited in Ten Days; which ſpeedy Performance will, I hope, excuſe *thoſe Defects*, that might have been corrected, had *Time permitted.*

A *Little Gentleman* of your Acquaintance, had *Good-Nature* and *Modeſty* enough to ſay this Trifle had nothing to ſupport it but Scandal; had not Mrs. *Roberts* been greatly excellent in her Part, and receiv'd an uncommon Applauſe through the whole; I ſhou'd ſay ſo too: but the Speech wou'd have come eaſier from any other Perſon than him, conſidering whatever Scandal it contains, was extracted

extracted from the ſeveral Letters publiſh'd in this mimick Controverſy.

This Gentleman did not think Scandal a Crime, when he endeavoured to make the late Mr. *Boheme* (a favourite Actor ſome few Years ago) appear as *ſcandalouſly Ludicrous*, as his *fertile Genius* cou'd invent;---he alſo ſeems quite angry a *Gentleman* of *Fortune* (as he ſaid) ſhou'd be introduc'd to decide the Contention between Mrs. *Roberts* and Mrs. *Hamilton*; if that *Gentleman* of *Fortune* is a *Manager* of a *Theatre*, no *Character* cou'd be ſo well introduc'd, to put an end to a *Theatrical Quarrel*, *as* that *Gentleman* of *Fortune*.

Theſe Malicious Objections, heighten'd with his ſaying ----

" When

" When the Character of *Tiddi-*
" *doll* appear'd, he cou'd be *only*
" ſuppos'd the *Manager* of *our*
" *Theatre*;" gave me as much Pleaſure as I think *Bajazet* ſhou'd enjoy, when he ſays--*Ha*! *does it gall thee Tartar*! &c.---Now Ladies, I believe you love Impartiality, therefore I'll depend entirely upon your Judgment, *that*, I hope, will ſtrengthen my Opinion, which is as follows--If Mr. *Giffard*, who has the Appearance of a *Man*, reſembles *Tiddi-doll*, ſurely this *little Gentleman* of your Acquaintance, being but a *Man in Miniature*, wou'd ſerve only to *furniſh Tiddi-doll's Stall*, as a *Piece* of *Goods purchas'd of a* Gingerbread Baker.

L A-

LADIES,

Dedications are frequently made uſe of as a genteel way of asking a Favour---I deſire none, but the Liberty of ſubſcribing myſelf,

Your very Humble Servant,

HARLEQUIN.

P.S. That Name is an Indiſputable Excuſe for all *falſe Concords*, *poor Imaginations*, and *Want of Underſtanding*, all which too frequently attend *us Theatrical Writers*.

DRAMA.

DRAMA.

MEN.

Harlequin Macheath, by	Mr. *Lun*, jun.
Manager, ———	Mr. *Osborne*.
Beggar, ———	Mr. *Hewitt*.
Deputy-Manager, —	Mrs. *Charke*.
Peachum, ——	Mr. *Roſco*.
Mat o' the Mint, —	Mr. *Richardſon*.
Gameſter, ———	Mr. *Dove*.
'Squire Ruſtick, —	Mr. *Yates*.
Clown, ——	Mr. *Penkethman*.

WOMEN.

Colombine Polly, —	Mrs. *Hamilton*.
Colombine Lucy, —	Mrs. *Roberts*.
Jenny Diver, — —	Mrs. *Dove*.
Molly Brazen, —	Mrs. *Haughton*.
Sukey Tawdrey, —	Miſs *Tollett*.
Mrs. Slammekin, —	Miſs *Thornowets*.

THE SCENES OF BRITANNIA;

OR,

The Royal Lovers.

THE Curtain riſes, and diſcovers, a Serjeant and Twelve Grenadiers-----they Exerciſe, after which the Tower Guns are fired.

Prince *Germanicus* enters, attended by others, as landing——the Scene ſhuts upon 'em, and the Grenadiers follow the Serjeant off.

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Eight Watermen enter, who ſing, dance and go out.

SCENE III. *Tower-Hill.*

Germanicus and Attendants enter; they go into a Coach, and are drawn off.

THE

THE
COMIC INTERLUDE.

THE *Clown* enters (with a Portmanteau) meeting a Woman of the Town, who entertains him with a ſeeming Fondneſs, 'till *Harlequin Mackheath* robs him of the Portmanteau, which done, *Harlequin* goes out. To them a Conſtable and Watchmen enter, who ſeeing 'em fond, ſeize 'em.—The *Clown*, (not miſſing his Portmanteau 'till then) charge them with the Robbery——The *Conſtable* is enraged——The *Clown* informs him he is Servant to a Gentleman well known to the *Conſtable*—He knocks—'*Squire Ruſtick* enters, is ſurpriſed to ſee his Servant in Cuſtody—He explains the Loſs of his Portmanteau—The Woman is threaten'd with Hard Labour, ſhe promiſes to conduct 'em to the Robber. They go out.

SCENE II.

A Chamber, with a Settee.

Harlequin and his Companion are diſcovered ſharing the Booty from the Portmanteau The Woman enters, ſhewing the *Clown*, *Harlequin* : The *Clown* goes out. The Woman informs *Harlequin*, a *Conſtable* and others are coming to ſeize him ; *Harlequin* contrives an Eſcape, for his Companion, her, and himſelf ; ſhe is turn'd in with the Settee, he chang'd into a Book-Caſe, and himſelf to a Corner Cupboard. *Conſtable*, *'Squire*, and *Clown*, enter ; finding themſelves diſappointed, they go out.

SCENE III. *Stocks-Market.*

Harlequin enters, meeting the *Clown*, they run again each other, *Clown* endeavours to hold him, he gets looſe, and by a Sloat is drawn up to a Window ; the *Clown* ſeeing him, gets up after him (the other ſide of the Scene ;) *Harlequin* leaps down, is purſued by *Conſtable*, *'Squire*, and *Clown*, 'till he jumps into a Ginger-bread Stall ; *Harlequin* is chang'd to *Tiddi-doll* ; they go off ſurpriz'd at the Alteration.

SCENE IV.

A Street, near the 'Squire's *Houſe.*

The *'Squire* and *Clown* enter as returning home,

home, they go out at the Stage-Door; *Harlequin* enters, ſeeing them go in, he contrives a Method to rob the Houſe; he is chang'd to a Running Footman, he knocks at the Door; the *Clown* enters, who conducts him off.

SCENE V. *The* 'Squire's *Chamber.*

Diſcovers the *'Squire* and his *Miſtreſs*; *Harlequin* enters, introduc'd by the *Clown*, *Harlequin* gives the *'Squire* a Letter, he reads it, writes an Anſwer, and gives it to *Harlequin*, who goes off with that, and a Tankard; the *'Squire* finding the Tankard gone, tells the *Clown* of it, they go out in purſuit of *Harlequin.*

SCENE VI.

An Open Country, a Hovel in the middle of it.

Harlequin enters purſued by the *Clown*; *Harlequin* goes into the Hovel, the *Clown* following him, juſt as he comes to the Door, it changes to a Pump, and the *Clown*'s encloſed; after which a Country-woman comes to draw Water, and is frightned by the Noiſe the *Clown* makes within the Pump; the *'Squire* entring at that Inſtant, they aſſiſt each other to releaſe the *Clown.*

SCENE VII.

Covent-Garden, *the Sign of the* Roſe *is ſhewn*

Harlequin and eight Whores enter, as going to the *Roſe* Tavern, they go out. A broken *Gameſter* enters at ſome Diſtance, ſeeing *Harlequin*, and as a means to get a freſh Supply, reſolves to betray him to *Peachum*; he knocks at the Stage-Door, *Peachum* enters to him, the *Gameſter* informs him of his Buſineſs, they go out to take *Harlequin*.

SCENE VIII.

A Room in the Roſe *Tavern.*

Harlequin among the Women; after ſome little Time *Peachum* enters, he ſeizes *Harlequin*. *Peachum* and *Conſtable* go out with *Harlequin* Priſoner.

SCENE IX. *A Street.*

Peachum, *Conſtable*, and others, enter, conducting *Harlequin* to *Newgate*; they go out.

SCENE X. *Newgate.*

After the Stage has ſtood ſome Time.

Enter Beggar *in a Hurry.*

Beggar. Mr. *Prompter!* Mr. *Prompter!* [*Enter* Prompter.] What the Devil is the Meaning of this Stop? Have you a Deſign

to

to ruin me? Why, the Stage has ſtood this Hour.

Promp. I aſſure you 'tis none of my Fault, but Mrs. *Roberts* and Mrs. *Hamilton* are quarrelling who ſhall do the firſt *Colombine*; they ſcolded as long as they had Breath, and now they have ſet themſelves down to ſend Letters to the publick Papers, to inform the Town of their ill Uſage.

Beggar. And ſo the Town muſt be diſappointed of the beſt Entertainment it ever ſaw, upon a Punctilio of Precedency.

Promp. O! here they come, and by their Behaviour I ſee they have recover'd Breath enough to rail a-new.

Beggar. And with them the *Manager.*— Dear Sir, endeavour to pacify theſe incens'd Ladies, or for aught I know we may be both ruin'd.

Enter Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Hamilton, *and the* Manager.

AIR I. Goſſip Joan.

I.

Mrs. Ham. *Why how now, Madam* Squall
For Affectation noted,
'Tis too well known by a--a--al
That you are Hoarſen Throated
Madam Squall

II.

Mrs. Rob. *Why how now, Madam* Squeak!
Tho' Muſick was my Calling,
If e'er my Voice ſhou'd bre--ak,
Like you I wou'd leave bawling,
Madam Squeak.

III.

Mrs. Ham. *I know you'd fain prevail,*
And rob the Town of Polly,
Your dark Deſign ſhall fa--il,
And only ſhew your Folly,
Madam Squall!

IV.

Mrs. Rob. *I've never* yet *reſign'd;*
And muſt I now *ſurrender!*
Too ſoon, alas! you'll fi--nd,
You are a vain Pretender,
Madam Squeak.

AIR II.

This great World, *&c.*

Mrs. Roberts. *Now Pride, ſhew thy Spirit;*
Give a looſe to Hate and Rage;
Dar'ſt thou talk of Merit?
[To Mrs. Hamilton.
——*I ſupport the Stage.*
Wretch beneath deſpiſing,
Paſt all Hopes of Riſing;

Sure

Sure 'twou'd break my Heart,
To loſe ſo ſweet a Part. } [Aſide.

AIR III.

My Love is all Madneſs and Folly.

Mrs. Ham. *Your Rage is all Madneſs, and Folly;*
'Twill ever fail——
I will prevail,
And Act my Darling Polly,
While you the Loſs bewail.
Yes —that, and others too,——Ma'am,
In ſpite of him——or you——Ma'am;
My Little Man
Does all he can,
To get the Town to ſue——Ma'am,
That Polly *may be mine.*

Enter *Piſtol*, Booted and Spur'd.

AIR IV.

Young Virgins love Pleaſure.

Piſtol. *My Deareſt forbear——*
Your Anger pray ſpare,
To a Creature ſo much beneath your Care;
My Pen, and my Brain,
Shall publiſh again;
From Grubſtreet *now Poſt-haſte I came.*
Thoſe Words are ſtrong,——
Not one ſpell'd wrong,
And that you know will ſurpriſe the Throng;

In

In Compoſing, my Friend
Many Faults did amend,
The which, from my *Judgment takes off the Blame.*

AIR V.

Prithee Billy, *&c.*

I.

Manager. *Ceaſe your Ranting,*
Noiſe and Canting,
'Tis too much for me to ſee;
I'll decide it,
And divide it,
You ſhall do't alternately:
'Tis moſt certain,
You're too Pert *in* [To Mrs. Rob.
That--which Innocence ſupplies;
[To Mrs. Ham.
She's Pathetick,
Soft, Extatick;
—*See, how* tenderly *ſhe cries.*

II.

Had Gay *but known her,*
He'd have ſhewn her,
Polly *was deſign'd for her;*
Raging ceaſing!
Noiſe decreaſing!
She ſhall do't I here aver.

You

You miſtake it, [To Mrs. Rob.
She will make it [To Mrs. Ham.
Tender, ſoft, and full of Love;
She'll amend it,
And will blend it
With the Sparrow *and the* Dove.

[The following Verſe Mr. *Giffard* deſired might be omitted.]

III.

Mrs. Rob. to the Manager. } *Follow Races,*
Senſe diſgraces
Men of your Politer Taſte:
Your Judgment varies,
Oft miſcarries;
'Twill be Nothing, Sir, at laſt.
Judge of Horſes,
Ride on Courſes,
Husband there your large Eſtate;—
(*Horſes ſweating*)
Sportſmen betting;
Swift Goliah *wins the Plate.*

AIR VI. Moggy Lauder.

I.

Piſtol. *By Letter, I have ſhewn the Town,*
The Injuries you've done her,
The Truth of which you can't diſown,
In Juſtice, or in Honour;

In

In Grub *you'll read,*
The Act, and Deed,
Were his,—*not* hers, *or* mine—*Ma'am*;
In Engliſh *ſad,*
And Concords bad,
The Town muſt own I ſhine—*Ma'am.*

II.

I ſcorn to ſhew I ever learn'd
To read, or write, or ſpell,—Ma'am;
In Papers it was ſoon diſcern'd,
And that *you know full well—Ma'am;*
Conſidering that,
(I'll tell you what!)
The Letter made a Figure,
And you muſt own,
In that *I've ſhewn,*
My Spirit, *and my* Vigour. [Exit.

AIR VII.

One Evening having loſt my Way.

Mrs. Ham. *My Paſſion is at laſt appeas'd*
Elſe certainly I'd kill the Slut;
Mrs. Rob. *If from my Rage, you'd be releas'd,*
Fetch back your Captain Strut—
He'll bluſter, ſtorm, and ſtride about,
And ſwear he'll end this Female Rout,
It ſhall, it ſhall, it ſhall,
In Papers ſoon come out.

Promp.

Promp. Sir, Don't you ſee the Deſign of all this Quarrel?

Beg. Not I really.

Promp. Why, they are not angry with each other——'tis only to make themſelves more conſiderable——all this Buſtle is like that of two Prize-fighters, who, in order to draw the Curioſity of the Town, ſit lovingly down in an Alehouſe, to club the Penning of their Challenges.

Beg. Faith, I am apt to be of your Opinion.

[*The* Manager *ſhews Mrs.* Roberts *her Articles.*]

A I R VIII. Thomas I cannot.

Shall I, who never fail'd to pleaſe,
Submit to Pride, and Folly;
Loſe all my Parts thus by Degrees,
And firſt my pretty Polly?
My Articles compel me to't,
And ſo—I will oblige the Town,
You've ſent the Part, and I muſt *do't—*
So Prompter *pray go on, go on,*
So Prompter *pray go on.* [Exit.

Promp. Clear the Stage, Clear the Stage. [*Exit.*

Enter Harlequin,
Shewing in Pantomime his melancholy Situation.

Enter

Enter to him Polly *and* Lucy.

AIR IX. Wou'd I might be hang'd.

Polly. *O Diſmal Abode!*
Lucy. *Too ſhocking to bear,*
Polly. *The Triumph of Death,*
Lucy. *The Seat of Deſpair.*
[*Here* Harlequin *pantomimes to the ſame Part of the Tune.*
Polly. *Eternally loſt,*
[Harlequin *pantomimes*--See my Courage is out.
Lucy. *Eternally loſt, Adieu,*
Polly. *Farewel,*
Lucy. *But hark, I hear the Toll of the Bell.*
Toll deroll--loll, *&c.*

A Keeper *enters, and takes off* Harlequin.

A Noiſe of a Reprieve behind.

Harlequin *enters,*
Attended by Two Women and Three Men.

AIR X. Lumps o' Pudding.

Polly. *My Fears have an End, and my Troubles are o'er,*
With my Hero thus bleſs'd, I deſire no more:
Thus

Thus pleas'd with his Strut, *and*
thus crown'd with a Kiſs,
Sure never was Pleaſure extatick as
this.

Lucy. *To all fruitleſs Diſputes I now bid*
adieu,
And reſign what I love —with Reluc-
tance to you,
Here Envy and Strife between us ſhall
have end,
And Polly *and* Lucy *no longer con-*
tend.

CHORUS.

May all Quarrels like ours conclude in a Peace,
May Friendſhip continue, and Concord encreaſe,
May Theatrical Conteſts *ne'er puzzle the*
Great,
Or be printed in Papers like Matters of State.

A Dance.—End of the *Comic.*

The Laſt SCENE of

BRITANNIA, &c.

CURTAIN riſes, and diſcovers the Temple of *Hymen*; Prieſts, Courtiers, Men and Women, attending the Nuptials of *Germanicus* and *Britannia*.—— A Song.

Mars and *Bellona*, with their Attendants, join in a Dance.

A *Chorus* concludes the Whole.

FINIS.